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1875.

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Cinderella.

BY EBBE E. REYFORD.

Dear me! how disappointed I was when Aunt Diana told me that she couldn't possibly afford to buy me a new dress to wear to Mrs. Brand's party. I hadn't been anywhere all that winter, and I had got tired of staying at home, while the girls went everywhere, and enjoyed themselves so well.

And then Mrs. Brand was one of my best and dearest friends, and I know I should enjoy a party there so much. I had quite set my heart on going. I didn't expect to have anything very nice to wear, but I wanted to look respectable, at least, and thought I could sit on one side and watch the beaux and belles, and perhaps chat a little with the few people I was acquainted with. But Aunt Diana said Lottie's dress cost so fearfully, and the set of pearls for Lucia were so extravagant in price, that her purse was completely drained.

She had promised me a blue silk, and had calculated to take my old white tulle and make one of the most bewitching overskirts imaginable, and I knew a florist down town where I could get lilies of the valley to wear in my hair and on my breast. I didn't expect that I could outshine any of the belles, but I did think I would look more stylish in such a dress than I had for a long time, and I'm not ashamed to say that I like nice things. Perhaps I wouldn't care for them so much if I had more of them.

But I had just set my heart on having the new dress and going to that party, and then to have Aunt Diana use up all the money on her two girls was so provoking.

"You can have that silk of Lottie's to make over," she said, when she saw how disappointed I was.

"Thank you," I answered, indignantly; "I don't intend to wear anybody's old clothes. I prefer to stay at home."

And stay at home I did. The girls did nothing for a week before the party came off, but talk about it, for it was to be the party of the season, and Mrs. Brand's brother was expected from Boston. He was getting so well known as an author, and Mrs. Brand was never tired of talking about him. We had all read his poems, and I liked them so much that I wanted to see the man who wrote them.

There was no use of thinking about it, after Aunt Diana concluded she couldn't get me the dress, and I tried to forget it. But I couldn't.

I cried a little when the night of the party came, and Aunt Diana and the girls drove off and left me alone. But that was a foolish thing to do, and pretty soon I wiped my eyes, and went into the parlor and began practicing a new song. I had one thing to comfort me. Lottie and Lucia could have the new dresses, but they couldn't have my voice. I could sing well, and that was something they couldn't do.

I sang of those sweet old Scotch songs, and had just finished "Roy's Wife," when some one rang the door-bell. The servants had gone off to some theatre, and I was alone, so I had to go to the door.

"I must really beg your pardon for the liberty I am taking," said the gentleman who stood on the threshold, "but I heard you singing some of my favorite songs. I had been listening for half an hour and I liked your singing so much that I concluded to make bold and come in, for it is too cold to make it pleasant outdoors. I came to attend a party at my sister's. Mrs. Brand—perhaps you know her—but my trunk got lost somewhere on the road, and I cannot put on an appearance in this plight"—with a glance at his plain traveling-suit—"and if the explanation I have given of my identity, and the reason I am here, is satisfactory, I would like to come in and listen."

Only to think of it. Lucia, and Lottie, and fifty other young ladies had gone to Mrs. Brand's to meet this very gentleman who was asking me to sing for him. There was something so novel and romantic about it, that I enjoyed an acquaintance formed in this unusual way.

"Of course you may come in," I answered. "Mrs. Brand is one of my dearest friends, and she has told me about that famous brother of her till she has quite excited my curiosity about him."

I wondered, while I was saying it, how I dared to talk so to a poet, but, somehow, I wasn't a particle afraid of him.

He followed me into the parlor, and made himself at home at once. I don't think I ever spent so happy an evening before in all my life. I know I never did.

I sang "Annie O' the Banks o' Dee," and "Robin Adair," for him, and he told me, in that earnest way of his that made me know that he meant every word of it, that he hadn't heard anyone's singing for a long time that suited him as mine did.

And then we talked about books, and I was so glad that I had read the books he liked well enough to be able to talk

about them. And after that he read me a new poem of his, one that had not been published. To think that I had the pleasure of hearing one of Robert Morton's poems before any one else!

I was so glad I had stayed at home, for if I had gone, I should have missed this happy evening.

It was actually ten o'clock before he went away. We were both astonished to find it was so late.

"I must beg your pardon for staying so long, and for acting in such utter disregard of society rules," he said, when he was ready to go. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken the great liberty I did in coming in, but I don't regret it, if you don't."

"I have enjoyed the evening much better than I should have done if I had gone to the party," I answered.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"If you care to," I answered.

And then he said good night, and went away.

Aunt Diana was very particular about having everything done with regard to the customs and rules of society, and I was afraid she would be so shocked at the way in which we had ignored all formality in getting acquainted, that I didn't say anything to her about my visitor.

The very next afternoon we were in the sitting-room when Mrs. Brand drove up, and her brother was with her.

Dear! such a flutter the girls were in. But I wasn't disturbed in the least. I couldn't be afraid of him if I tried.

Mrs. Brand introduced him to Aunt Diana and the girls, who went in first. I brought up the rear. When he saw me, he came forward with a smile, and held out his hand without waiting for an introduction.

"Miss Marsh and I have met before," he said, and then we laughed merrily at the mystified looks on the faces of the others. And then he proceeded to explain the mystery.

Aunt Diana looked very much shocked at the breach of etiquette we had been guilty of; but Mr. Morton was a poet, and famous, and consequently such things could be overlooked on his part, and she was very gracious to him, as were the girls, who were disposed to be indignant.

"When we were young," said Mr. Morton, "I was a good scolding from all of them. Aunt Diana was shocked, and the girls were scandalized. What could he think of me?"

The next day Lottie was sitting at the window, when some one drove up. She looked out at the jingle of the bells, and excitedly informed us that it was Mr. Morton, with the loveliest turnout, and she knew he had come to take her or Lucia out riding. Both of them were full of excitement when he came in.

"I wish you would put on your wraps and take a drive with me this afternoon," he said to me, before them all, after he had talked a little while.

"I shall be delighted to," I answered, and I knew I looked pleased as any little child, and ran up stairs to get ready.

Oh! such a delightful afternoon as that was! The air was like a draught of rare wine, and I drank it in till my pulses beat in swift and happy measures, to the music of the bells, and the sweeter music of his voice.

When I came back the girls were looking glum enough, and Aunt Diana was cold and frigid as an iceberg. They considered that I was robbing them of what was their lawful prey.

One day Aunt Diana called me into the parlor, and began talking to me.

"I should like to know how much longer you are going to keep up this flirtation with Mr. Morton," she said, sternly. "Everybody is talking about it."

"Here you are a poor girl, and going to opera and concerts, and driving with him, as if you considered yourself his equal. Of course he hasn't the faintest idea of marrying you. You must expect people will talk."

"Let them," I answered. "I do consider myself Mr. Morton's equal, and I think he does, for last night he asked me to be his wife, and I have his ring upon my finger now," and I held it up for Aunt Diana's inspection.

Dear me! I don't think I ever saw any one so completely taken down as Aunt Diana was. She hadn't a word to say.

The girls were awfully indignant at me, for I had won what they had hoped to win—a rich husband. But the kind of wealth they valued was that I cared for least. The wealth of heart and soul was the kind I prized, and I knew then, as I do now, that Robert Morton had more of it than most men have. I have been his wife for a year, and no wife in all the land is happier than I am. I am queen in the realm of home, and my throne is the heart of a true and tender husband.

—In South Hadley, Mass., recently, an absent-minded man ordered a coffin for a deceased friend, and left his own name to be inscribed on the lid in place of that of the dead man. The mistake was not discovered in season to rectify it.

Kidnapped Children.

The failure to find the boy Charley Ross, after the long time that has passed since he was stolen away, leads to the belief that he was either killed by kidnappers, or has died from natural causes. This would not follow, for there are instances on record where children have been lost or stolen who have been found long after all hope was abandoned. Judge Wright, of Washington, who has had large experience with the Indians, and has travelled a great deal among them relates two cases of this kind within his knowledge. The following circumstances, under which there two children were stolen are much different from that of the Ross child, but it is possible that "Charley" may turn up again, perhaps at a great distance from the point where he was stolen, and, possibly, after the lapse of many years.

In 1834 Judge Wright was living at Logansport on the Wabash river in Indiana. At that time there were but four or five settlements of importance in Northern Indiana north of the Wabash. A man by the name of Brown living about twelve miles east of Logansport was clearing a piece of land, and at noon his wife sent her four year old boy to call him to dinner. Brown reached his house somewhat late for his dinner and on explanation it was found that he had not seen the boy. In the afternoon the father and mother and the few persons in the neighborhood hunted for the child without success. The next day all the country as far as Logansport was called on in the search, but